







Bob Mueller and his team try to flip Michael Cohen.

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CONTENTS







- 20 JANA JORDAN Strawberry Fields Photography by Tammy Sands
- 38 **EVE ELLWOOD** Dream Come True Photography by Victor Lightworship
- **AUDREY ROYAL** Porn Queen Photography by Larry Flynt Productions
- 60 **BLUE ANGEL & ANTONYA** Hot Kisses Photography by Emmanuel D. Fouquet
- 88 **CORINNA BLAKE High Scorer** Photography by Larry Flynt Productions
- 130 **SASHA KNOX & TALON** "I Was a Teenage Zombie" Classic Photography by Matti Klatt

SCARED STIFF: TRULY TERRIFYING TALES 30

> From elevator decapitations to Slender Man to corpses decomposing in your box spring, delight in this guide to horrifying hauntings, heinous urban legends and mesmerizing mutilations. A true celebration of terror by Colin McCracken. Illustrations by Lu'ay Sami.

56 TWISTED TRICKS: TEN ODIOUS IDEAS FOR 10/31

> Hindsight is 20/20, but Jesus, what were these people thinking? Anne Frank costumes, suicide scars, KKK outfits-witness the worst ideas in the history of Halloween. Compilation by Ian Fortey.

ED ASNER: "MY SOUL IS PROGRESSIVE" 74

> He's won more Primetime Emmys than any male actor in television history and at 88 still maintains an impressive pace, with 17 credits for 2018 alone. But perhaps his greatest role is as a lion of the Left. Ed Rampell sits down for a candid conversation with the lovable legend. Photography by Victor Lightworship.

ALL-NATURAL BUSTY BUSH BABES 106

Karlee Grey, Kendra Spade, Ella Knox and Valentina Nappi-what do these goddesses have in common? Full boobies, lush bush and a touch of nymphomania. Photography courtesy HUSTLER Video.

- PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT
- 13 ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH
- ROBERT SCHEER
- **BRAD FRIEDMAN**
- **BITS & PIECES**
- 72 HUSTLER HUMOR





BEAVER HUNT

COMING SOON







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WALK THE WALK IN NOVEMBER

t's become a cliché that the election on the horizon is always "the most important of our lifetime." But this time it's no exaggeration. With Trump eager to appoint yet another conservative Justice to the Supreme Court, the only possible block to his regressive policies is Democratic control of the House and/or Senate. It is therefore of paramount importance that all progressive-minded people vote this November—without exception. No excuses.

Consider this contradiction: Polls consistently show that most Americans overwhelmingly favor progressive policies like universal healthcare, free tuition for college and a livable minimum wage. Yet somehow Republicans control the government from sea to shining sea: the Presidency, both houses of Congress and a majority of state legislatures and governorships. How did that happen?

First, the GOP has been using every dirty trick in the book to suppress the Democratic vote while boosting their own power at the polls: partisan gerrymandering, enacting outrageous voter suppression laws and flooding races with dark money from right-wing billionaires like the Koch brothers.

But there's another factor: Progressives simply don't vote in numbers proportionate to Republican turnout, especially in the less glamorous midterm elections. The GOP knows that its policies really only appeal to a minority of the American citizenry—the one-percenter fat cats, Bible thumpers and flag-waving blowhards too ignorant and brainwashed to know where their real interests lie. In a fair election with high voter turnout, Republicans are at a disadvantage, especially with the increasing ethnic diversity of our population.

So the writing's on the wall, folks. It's not enough to answer a survey poll. It's not enough to gripe about Trump at the water cooler. It's not enough to tweet the joke that Stephen Colbert made last night. You've got to get your butts down to the polling booth on November 6th, or Trump's bandits will have at least two more years of unobstructed mayhem. Mark your calendars with a thick red circle, and if you're not already registered to vote, for America's sake, do it today!

Larry Flynt Publisher



"When Samantha Bee called Ivanka a feckless cunt, I was upset. We've been married for nine years, and I've never known her to be feckless. A cunt, yes, but never feckless.

YOUR RIGHT TO PRIVACY

THE SUPREME COURT RULES THAT MOBILE DEVICES HAVE THE SAME CONSTITUTIONAL PROTECTION AS HOMES.

our cell phone is a temple of liberty. As absurd as that may sound, it is a truth of the Digital Age. Even the ultraconservative U.S. Supreme Court has acknowledged that the government's access to the personal information on mobile phones must be curtailed.

Chief Justice John G. Roberts Jr.—a George W. Bush appointee no less—has given Big Brother a devastating punch. He teamed up with the Court's surviving liberal minority to extend the vital protections of the Bill of Rights into the nightmarish surveillance dystopia, which is on the verge of obliterating any pretense of a free society.

That tenuous judicial dam against the onslaught of the snooper state was constructed by two Supreme Court decisions. They decreed that the protections against warrantless searches guaranteed by the Constitution's Fourth Amendment extend to the data on individual cell phones, as well as to the data transmitted by the ubiquitous cell towers now dominating our nation's landscape.

The first pivotal decision came in June 2014 in *Riley* v. *California*. Roberts, who wrote the opinion for the unanimous Court, declared that the information found on a suspect's cell phone during an arrest could not be used by the police unless a warrant had previously been secured. Modern technology had not wiped out our historic privacy protection. Rather, as Roberts argued, it had made that safeguard more compelling: "Modern cell phones are not just another technological convenience. With all they contain and all they may reveal, they hold for many Americans 'the privacies of life.'"

The Founding Fathers assumed that without the sanctuary of the home providing unobserved space to be alone with one's thoughts, conversations, readings and writings, an individual would not be free. Roberts argued that a person's cell phone, containing far more personal information than the Founders pictured in a domicile, was a digitized home. As Roberts warned, abandoning that protection to evolving technology "would in effect give police officers unbridled discretion to rummage at will among a person's private effects."

This past June the Roberts Court made another ruling that dramatically extended the reach of the Fourth Amendment in the 21st century. After reviewing *Carpenter v. United States*, Roberts and the Court's majority held that the sanctity of a cell phone extends to the towers that transmit the device's exact loca-

tion to the internet. With that information, a government snoop would know your whereabouts during every waking moment of your working and personal life. Talk about being tailed by Big Brother!

The plaintiff in *Carpenter v. United States* had been spied on for 127 days via signals beamed from his mobile phone to cell towers, which recorded his movements to an astoundingly precise 12,898 locations. This surveillance, Roberts wrote in his monumental opinion, provided "an intimate window into a person's life, revealing not only his particular movements, but through them his familial, political, professional, religious and sexual associations."

As Roberts has noted in his opinions, the government's mining of cell phone and online data made a mockery of the Fourth Amendment's stipulation that "The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated." What the Founders wanted to eliminate—unconstitutional activities by law enforcement and intelligence agencies—had become a routine facet of internet life. That was all it took for Roberts and his Court allies to expand the pro-

tective reach of the Fourth Amendment into the Digital Age.

A few years back we witnessed a flowering of legitimate dissent throughout the world. The Arab Spring and Eastern Europe's various color revolutions all gained considerable momentum thanks to social networking. But those popular revolts were ultimately snuffed out pretty much the same way that Egypt dealt with mounting opposition. Its ruling military junta used the wonders of online surveillance to arrest tens of thousands of youthful protesters once they returned to their normal lives.

This type of authoritarian suppression is precisely what Roberts warned about in his *Carpenter* opinion: "When the government tracks the location of a cell phone, it achieves near perfect surveillance, as if it had attached an ankle monitor to a phone's user."

Roberts did more than send a stern message to police officers and government snoops. The Supreme Court's landmark *Carpenter* decision affirmed that your cell phone is a temple of liberty, and the Constitution is going to protect it.

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a Los Angeles Times columnist and editor, is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is They Know Everything About You: How Data-Collecting Corporations and Snooping Government Agencies Are Destroying Democracy.



"Look at Ann Coulter wiggling her skinny old ass down the street.

Talk about the tail wagging the dog!"

HEY, BOB. I'VE BEEN THINKING..
IF TRUMP SENDS ALL OF THOSE
MEXICANS BACK TO MEXICO,
WHO'S GONNA BUILD HIS WALL? WINNERS

TIME FOR DEMS TO "FIGHT DIRTY"

A PROGRESSIVE WRITER URGES THE PARTY TO BE RUTHLESS IF IT CAN REGAIN POLITICAL CONTROL.

he Republican Party is a machine that runs on big ideas. They are terrible, dangerous, racist, heartless and usually self-destructive ideas, but they are big ones. It's time for Democrats to learn a valuable lesson from their political adversaries.

Many progressive candidates have finally found the courage to embrace wildly popular ideas like Medicare for all, a \$15 minimum wage and background checks for all gun sales. But David Faris, author of the new book *It's Time to Fight Dirty: How Democrats Can Build a Lasting Majority in American Politics*, argues that the party needs to think much bigger. In fact, Democrats should start thinking about politics and government more like Republicans do.

Faris, an associate professor of political science at Chicago's Roosevelt University, told me, "What Republicans have often done is, they've looked at the political framework, the political order, and they've asked, 'How far can we push this before we run into the boundaries of legality?' And they've used instances where either the Constitution or state laws are very vague to press their advantage very ruthlessly wherever they have the opportunity."

Democrats, Faris added, must start implementing the GOP's strategy of using "the elasticity of the Constitution to press their advantage." He clarified that Democrats don't need to literally fight dirty. But as soon as they are able to win back control of Congress and the White House, they must champion some of the big ideas that he advocates. Even though it's perfectly fair, he pointed out that the Dems will be "perceived as fighting dirty" for doing so.

Faris also told me, "Democrats didn't need radical ideas to generate a pretty insane Republican response to the last Democratic President, who basically implemented Mitt Romney's healthcare plan, and people went bananas. The Right mobilized as if the Democrats were trying to impose fascism. The reality is that the Right is going to countermobilize the next time Democrats are in power, no matter what they do.

"For the last 20 years the Democrats have been fighting at a really significant disadvantage, due to things like felony disenfranchisement, gerrymandering, voter ID laws. And if they don't seriously rethink some of these things, they may come back to power in 2020, but they're going to kick it right back in 2022 or 2024 or 2026."

Faris cited "long-term structural barriers to progressive power," which, he said, "are very poorly understood by the public. In all cases they are an affront to the spirit of small-d 'democracy' as it should be practiced." For example, rural, right-leaning states like Wyoming—with a population of about 580,000—have two seats in the U.S. Senate,

the same number as California, which has at least 40 *million* residents.

According to Faris, Democrats can level the playing field when they regain full control, starting by granting statehood to the District of Columbia and Puerto Rico. That's four more likely Democrats in the Senate—and additional Electoral College votes. It can be done with an act of Congress and a Presidential signature. No Constitutional amendment required.

Faris even advocates that California should be broken up into as many as seven states. This would begin to put Californians' per-capita Senate representation on par with the disproportionate political power of states like Wyoming and Iowa.

Faris recommends that the Democratic Party, once in control, should pack the federal courts, as Republicans have done since Donald Trump became President. The GOP has been stacking the federal bench with right-wing radicals at a record pace.

Of course, Faris hasn't overlooked the U.S. Supreme Court, where Senate Republicans took the unprecedented step of blocking Barack Obama's nominee to fill a vacant seat for an entire year. After Trump took office, Republicans killed the Senate filibuster in order to steal a GOP majority on the High Court. By the way, there is no Constitutional requirement specifying only nine Justices. Faris calls for raising the number to whatever will restore what

should have been the Democrats' rightful majority.

"Democrats won the popular vote in six of the last seven Presidential elections," Faris said. "Six out of the last seven times, the American people voted to have a Democrat make those appointments to the Supreme Court. Both the federal judiciary and the Supreme Court should have overwhelming Democratic majorities right now, and they don't because of a variety of injustices in our electoral system... How is packing the Court different from stealing the swing seat? It has the same result, which is: You change the partisan balance and partisan dynamics on the Court."

He added, "I just don't think that the Democrats can continue to absorb these escalations in partisan warfare without responding in kind....The Right thinks they can push the boundaries of the Constitutional order, without consequence, because Democrats will lie down and take it. It would be really instructive and useful to the Republicans to see what it feels like to have the opposition use the same sort of hinges and political framework to press their agenda ruthlessly."

Faris concluded, "The Republican caucus has gotten *more* radical over the last ten years, rather than less. So the reality is, they're going to countermobilize no matter what the Democrats do, and I think that they need to be pretty ruthless about it."

If that's "fighting dirty," I'm all for it.

Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles-based investigative journalist, radio host of the nationally syndicated *BradCast*, political commentator, troublemaker and publisher of *The Brad Blog* (**BradBlog.com**).





ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

or Americans who believe in the core principles of our democracy—truth, justice and equality for all, regardless of race, gender or creed—these are dark days indeed. Conservative greedheads representing our bloated oligarchy have taken over the Supreme Court for the foreseeable future, thanks to Mitch McConnell and his band of takeno-prisoners assholes in the Senate.

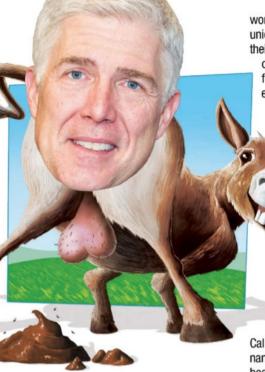
By every standard of fair play, the latest SCOTUS Justice should have been Merrick Garland, the moderate nominated by Obama after the far-right douchebag Antonin Scalia died in 2016. Using unprecedented obstructionism, Mitch the Basset Hound Bitch blocked that nomination for nearly a year, gambling that a Republican might win the Presidency and appoint another hard-right conservative—which Trump has done with Neil Gorsuch, a flaming wingnut determined to fill Scalia's jackboots.

Ironically, Gorsuch himself wrote an op-ed in 2002 slamming the Senate for delaying the nomination

of none other than Merrick Garland to the U.S. Court of Appeals, including this zinger: "The most impressive judicial nominees are grossly mistreated." No shit, Neil—you owe your undeserved Supreme Court seat to that gross mistreatment!

Neil the Shill got off to an auspicious start: His mother, Anne Gorsuch, was a member of a group of ultraconservative state legislators in Colorado known as the "House Crazies." In 1981 Reagan appointed her as the first female head of the EPA. where she cut the budget by 22%, hired staff from the industries she was supposed to be overseeing, attempted to gut Clean Air regulations, ensured a steep decline in pollution enforcement cases and even encouraged the use of restricted pesticides exactly like the recently disgraced EPA chief, Scott Pruitt. In 1982 Congressional investigators accused the EPA of mismanaging the \$1.6 billion Superfund for toxic waste cleanup and subpoenaed EPA records. Citing "executive privilege," Mommy Gorsuch refused to hand them over, becoming the first agency director in American history cited for contempt of Congress. After 22 disastrous months in office, she finally resigned in 1983.

While a student at Georgetown Prep School, Neil Gorsuch joked that he was founder and leader of the "Fascism Forever Club": no such club existed, but the joke was not far from the truth about his budding philosophy. He went on to Columbia University and Harvard Law School, clerked at the Supreme Court, entered private practice and in 2004 earned a Ph.D. from Oxford, In 2005 he joined the U.S. Department of Justice in the Junior Bush Administration, where he promoted Dubya's sick War on Terror abominations. He defended "extraordinary rendition" (kidnapping suspected terrorists for torture in foreign CIA-run black sites), fought disclosure of Abu Ghraib torture and abuse photos, and helped Attorney General Alberto Gonzales bullshit his way through hearings on the NSA's warrantless surveillance of U.S. citizens. These horrors constitute one of the most



NEIL GORSUCH

repulsive chapters in American history, with Neil Gorsuch in the lead, giving them twisted legal cover.

In fact, torture seems to give Neil a real boner. After Oklahoma's horrifically botched execution of Clayton Lockett in 2014, his family sued the state for "cruel and unusual punishment." The executioners had poked Lockett at least 16 times trying to find a vein to administer a new, untested cocktail of lethal drugs. Fourteen minutes after they finally found a suitable vein in his groin, he twisted, convulsed, groaned and struggled to rise from the table. After 20 minutes they had to stop the execution. Oklahoma Department of Corrections Director Robert Patton later said that Lockett's veins had "exploded" before he finally died of a heart attack at minute 43.

Gorsuch was one of three judges on the U.S. 10th Circuit Court of Appeals that ruled against the plaintiffs, stating that the whole ordeal was only an "innocent misadventure" and "isolated mishap," and that "the Eighth Amendment does not require 'the avoidance of all risk of pain in carrying out executions."

Hand in hand with his oh-so-Christian love of the death penalty, Gorsuch the Episcopalian is a champion of "religious freedom," making his first big splash with the *Hobby Lobby* decision, which held that the retail chain did not have to abide by the Affordable Care Act's mandatory funding of female contraceptives in health insurance coverage because it violated the company's religious beliefs. Just what the country needs—more poor mothers who don't earn enough to take care of their unwanted children!

In his first year on the Supreme Court, Gorsuch has preserved the 5-4 conservative majority in a litany of horrible, backward decisions. In *Janus* v. *AFSCME*, the Court ruled that public-sector unions can't collect "fair share" fees from nonunionized

workers—workers who have benefited from the union's advocacy—because it supposedly violates their First Amendment free speech rights. Of course, one reason that workers' wages have stagnated for decades and we have the greatest income inequality since the Great Depression is that unions

are a shell of their former selves. This decision delivers the coup de grâce. In June Gorsuch and company finally approved Trump's travel ban, after the third revision. It was originally a "Muslim ban," but that was too blatantly in violation of our cherished defense of religious freedoms, so Trump added two non-Muslim nations, Venezuela and North Korea, to the list to make it appear less odious. Of course, no North Koreans can even get out of their country to visit the U.S., and Venezuela, though mired in a deep crisis, is hardly a hotbed of terrorism.

The Court then struck down a California law by ruling that so-called "crisis pregnancy centers"—religious outfits masquerading as health centers—can withhold information about abortion alternatives. These are bait-and-switch operations designed to misinform the women who visit them, with some "clinics" even pushing the bald-faced lie that abortion leads to breast cancer! The five-vote majority was composed, of course, of all the conservative male Justices on the Court. Even though SCOTUS has previously upheld state laws that require abortion providers to inform women about adoption services, it refused to defend reciprocal rights for abortion information. Oh, but Gorsuch and company are so rigorously principled. Gag on it!

If all this was not bad enough, the Gang of Five overruled a lower court decision that had condemned radical Republican gerrymandering in Texas, paving the way for rampant GOP gerrymandering nation-wide to remain untouched. In the Texas case, the gerrymanders were clearly designed to disenfranchise Hispanics, who lean Democratic. You can bet the farm, however, that if Democrats had rigged the system like this, Gorsuch and company would have found highly principled reasons for striking it down.

Gorsuch has boasted that he is a "textualist" or "originalist," meaning that he strictly adheres to the Founding Fathers as expressed in their exact words in the Constitution and nothing more. But you know this is a reeking crock of jackass dung when almost one hundred percent of their "objective" rulings just happen to favor corporations and billionaires over workers and unions, or Bible thumpers over LGBTQ rights. So many of their arguments are tortured, nontextualist interpretations of the First Amendment. Does anyone seriously believe that the Founding Fathers meant "free speech" to include the massive, wholesale bribery and graft of unlimited money polluting our political campaigns, as decided in the Citizens United case? Does anyone seriously doubt that, if they were resurrected today, Jefferson and company would kick these judicial rascals, including Gorsuch the Asshole, right out of the USA?



CONDOMS ARE A CRIME?

In the spirit of SESTA/FOSTA and the Trumped up pretext of fighting human trafficking, one Pennsylvania county has discarded sanity and criminalized condoms. I shit you not. That's right, condoms are now "instruments of crime" according to the Allegheny County police, who are charging sex workers with first-degree misdemeanors. In other words, police are punishing women for having the audacity to protect their health and well-being.

Legally, the implications are dire. In Pennsylvania prostitution is a third-degree misdemeanor, meaning that "suspects are typically released and sent a court summons," according to *Jezebel*. But "possessing an instrument of crime with intent to employ it criminally" is considered a first-degree misdemeanor, and that lands you in cus-

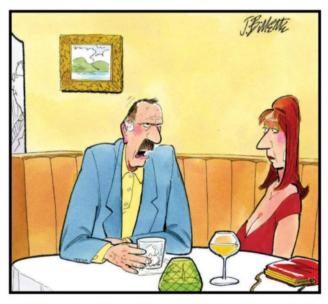
tody. Activist groups and NGOs are working hard to stop stupidity in its tracks.

PJ Sage of the Sex Workers Outreach Project (SWOP) insists there are other ways to stem the tide of trafficking while preventing an HIV outbreak. "Sex workers are on the front lines and could really help to identify cases of abuse or trafficking, but these policies cause distrust," he says. "If law enforcement chose to prioritize fostering relationships with the community over trying to inflate charges against low-level offenders, they would be better equipped to prosecute felons and combat sex trafficking."

So simple, it boggles the mind, but what do you expect in an age where common sense is akin to a foreign language.



"I see your husband must still be in Afghanistan?"



"I'll be straight with you—I've been married a few times. All of those stupid cunts thought I didn't respect women!"



THE REAL FAKE NEWS: DEVOS BLAMES SCHOOL SHOOTINGS ON SCHOOLS

LYNCHBURG, VA—During a speech at Liberty University, Secretary of Education Betsy DeVos ceased speaking in tongues long enough to identify three main obstacles to halting school shootings: the existence of students, teachers and schools.

"Gefrannis booj pooch boo jujube; bear-ramage. Jigiji geeji geeja geeble lalala freemee, freemee, ulullalala!" an entranced DeVos advised the rapt evangelical crowd in an otherworldly growl. "It's therefore become clear that in order to put an end to this senseless—gaffable, babble, lufluffle, faalalalalalaaa!—violence, we must eliminate all public schools nationwide."

"Though it sounds a bit extreme, the de facto shuttering of the entire Department of Education represents a positive change in messaging from the secretary," says education policy analyst Chadwick L. Dormitory. "DeVos's previous response to these tragic shootings was to blame video games, point at a wall behind the press, shout, 'Oh, my God! Look!' then flee the room."

"I learn the evils of public education from Teacher Father and Professor Mommy," says previously-home-schooled Liberty sophomore Jed Sumpkins. "It truly a blessing to see common sense return to this emotionally charged debate. *Jigiji geeji geeja geeble lalala!* Praise be!"

Others close to DeVos are unsure her plan is a wise solution.

"This is an abssssurd abdication of the sssecretary's duties, a transparent conflict of interessst, born of pure idiocccy, apathy and greed," says Señor Noisy Butt, the prairie rattlesnake handled by DeVos during religious rituals. "Her entire career hasssss been devoted to disssmantling public education. She's obvioussssly usssing the issue of ssschool shootingssss to further her agenda."



When asked for comment, the White House issued a brief statement fully endorsing DeVos and slamming Señor Noisy Butt for "refusing to take action on school shootings and being a creepy talking snake who may or may not be the literal Devil."

DISCLAIMER: THIS IS FAKE NEWS AND IS NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY. FOR FAKE NEWS THAT IS MEANT TO BE TAKEN SE-RIOUSLY, TUNE IN TO FOX & FRIENDS.

FLOTUS EMERGES FROM HIBERNATION, PREDICTS SIX MORE WEEKS OF SADNESS

Hundreds gathered to witness Melania Trump crawl out of the sinkhole in the White House lawn, see her own eyebrows in a mirror and forecast six more weeks of national depression.

BEZOS DONATES SELF-PORTRAIT TO TENT CITY

Amazon employees woke earlier this week to a new vision of hope, a 200-foot-high self-portrait of Jeff Bezos riding a golden panther. "The working conditions and pay suck, and living in a tent outside the warehouse is awful," says one Amazon employee who can't afford local rent, "but that panther is freakin' inspiring. Thanks, Jeff!"

MUSK FIGHTS OFF UNIONIZATION OF MARS

Evil genius and would-be Mars colonizer Elon Musk has shipped an army of Pinkerton-style autonomous goons to the solar system's largest volcano to clear out possible indigenous labor organizers by any means necessary.

TRUMP DISTANCES SELF FROM REALITY

As Special Counsel Robert Mueller's investigation piles up convictions and indictments, White House insiders claim the President is spending more time in Narnia battling evil unicorns and is now referring to himself as The Untouchable Lizard God.

ICE AGENTS SEPARATED FROM THEIR HUMANITY AT BORDER

ICE agents charged with breaking up migrant families and imprisoning scared children in cages are huge pieces of shit who fail at the most basic tenets of being decent human beings, according to reports.

WHITE HOUSE CONFIRMS FLOTUS WORE "FUCK SPIC KIDS" JACKET

While touring a detention center for migrant children, a White House spokesman has confirmed that the First Lady wore a designer jacket that read "Fuck Spic Kids," but it's "totally cool because words don't mean anything."

WARM WEENIE WATER: \$38



People will buy anything. It's like we're allergic to money and can't empty our wallets of it quickly enough. Shameless corporations exploit this, while postmodern artists use it to craft expensive punch lines.

So it was for attendees of the Car Free Day Festival in Vancouver, British Columbia, last June. A blogger for *The Takeout* was there, and she happened upon an unusual beverage for sale. Described as "keto-compatible," gluten-free and rich in sodium, the label also boasted that the product was proven to increase vitality and brain function. Oh, and it's hot dog water. All this for the bargain price of \$38 per bottle (don't miss the Father's Day special, two for \$75!).

Signage and branding were all on point, but in the end it was actually a stunt concocted by "Hot Dog Water CEO" and artist Douglas Evans. He described his not inexpensive prank as "a commentary on product marketing and especially... health-quackery product marketing."

He cited products like "raw water" and "pure water" and the utter bullshit of scientifically baseless products that cost a small fortune. That still didn't stop him from selling 60 liters of tepid weiner water, so mission accomplished?

As absurd as it may seem, there's a very serious lesson to be learned here: With the right marketing, any product can find its audience. And with the right idea, the sky's the limit. Just ask longtime friends Kris Fretz and Joe Vela, inventors of the Emojibator. This suggestive eggplant-shaped vibrator is, for lack of a better word, adorable and instantly recognizable to anyone who has ever sent a suggestive text message.

Shortly after launching a couple years ago, the product went viral with features in *Cosmopolitan*, *New York* magazine, *Time*, *Bustle* and *Huffington Post* (to name a few). You can't buy that kind of promotion. The secret? There is no secret. To quote the immortal Don Draper: "People want to be told what to do so badly that they'll listen to anyone."

STOP RIGHT FUCKING NOW

What does your safe word say about you? A lot, apparently. A new survey (published by *Bustle*) from adult toy retailer Lovehoney asked 1,280 people about their goto safe word. The results are in, and there's a clear distinction between wanting to stop play and killing all traces of sexual desire.

As to the latter, it may come as no surprise that several respondents had chosen *Donald Trump* as the nuclear option to halting sex play. Food-related terminology is used abundantly, while phrases like *Dildo Baggins* and *Cool Runnings* are so awesome that they require no further explanation.

Those that made the top ten are distinguished by their simplicity, which is kind of imperative when confronted by the twin distractions of pain and fear. In descending order:

- 1. Red. Like the traffic light or a stop sign. It evokes urgency and was used in Fifty Shades of Grey.
- 2. Pineapple. It's fairly distinctive, but three syllables? That's asking for trouble.
- 3. Banana. A silly word when you think about it—also three syllables—but somehow easier to scream than *pineapple*.
- 4. Orange. Say orange 50 times fast—it stops making sense very quickly. Pass.
- 5. Peach. Fifty bucks says this is a Southern thing.
- 6. Apple. Hand to God, this is mine.
- 7. Vanilla. Ironic? Maybe, but still effective.
- 8. Yellow. You see where this list is going.
- 9. Blue. Uh-huh...
- 10. Unicorn. Now we're talking! Nine respondents claimed unicorn as their safe word, and that has "sex magick" written all over it (go ahead: google Jack Parsons).





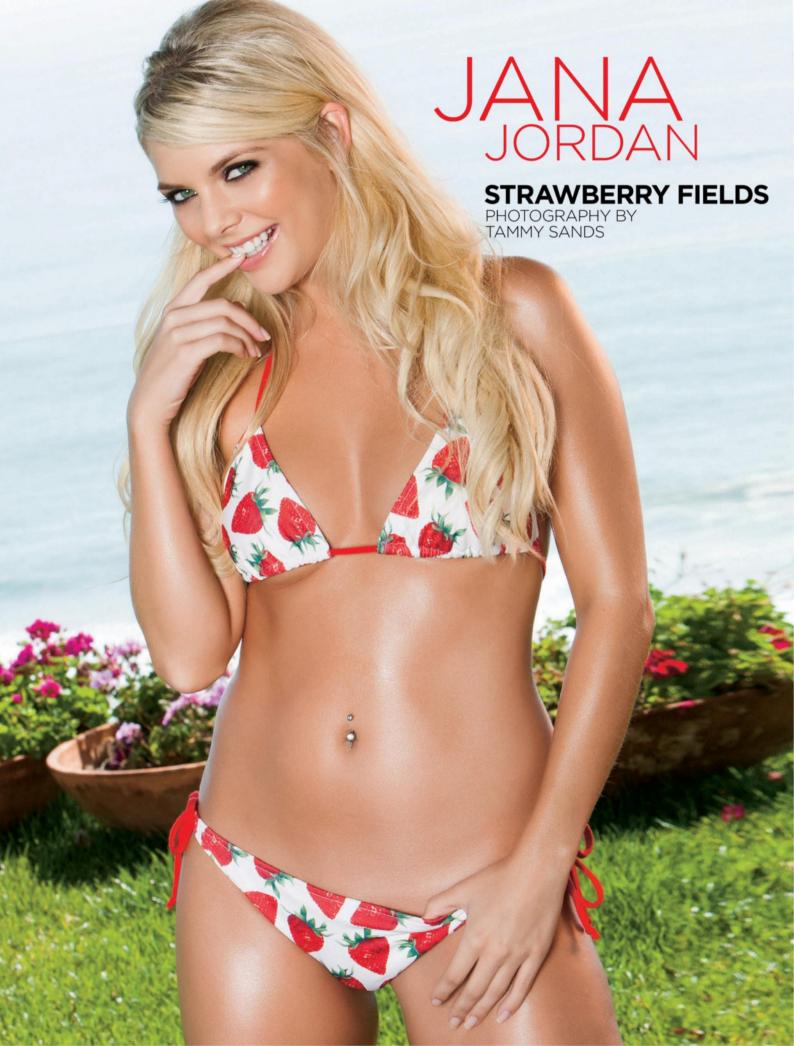
"At first I thought hell was great, but all you get are Trump's Twitter feeds."



































GATHER CLOSE, AND PREPARE TO BE SCARED OUT OF YOUR SKIN! IT'S A TRUE CELEBRATION OF TERROR AS YOU'RE GUIDED THROUGH THE WORLD'S MOST NOTORIOUS, SENSATIONAL, HORRIFYING STORIES—FROM URBAN LEGENDS TO HAUNTINGS TO REAL-LIFE CHILLERS THAT WILL MAKE YOU SHIVER AND KEEP YOU UP AT NIGHT. BOO!



PART ONE: CITY OF ANGELS? Every location holds a story. Residual

CAMPFIRE hauntings speak to the belief that a place can contain memories of its own. When a **CLASSICS** traumatic, violent or tragic incident occurs, its echoes are etched into the loca-

tion. In almost every city there are ghost stories or cautionary tales associated with a legendary building or landscape. Los Angeles-and in particular Hollywood—has had its fair share of reported hauntings.

The Comedy Store in West Hollywood was once a notable, golden age-era nightclub named Ciro's. Today it maintains a reputation of lingering terror—and not just as a result of open-mic night. Some of the most famous comedians of all time-Williams, Leno, Pryor-got there start here. A grim local legend received its start here as well. The mob allegedly committed murders in the basement, and it's said that the victims' spirits still live here. Numerous comedians swear they've experienced inexplicable phenomena or direct paranormal incidents. Reports include doors slamming inexplicably, furniture rearranging itself, seeing phantom staff members and hearing the screams of women in torment.

The iconic Hollywood sign, the symbol of so many dreams, is the spot where Peg Entwistle's ghost is said to wander, following her tragic suicide in 1932. The 24-year-old actress jumped to her death from the letter H. When her role in the movie Thirteen Women was cut, she felt her career was over and scaled the sign. Her body was found by a hiker the next day, along with a note that read,"I am afraid, I am a coward. I am sorry for everything. If I had done this a long time ago, it would have saved a lot of pain. P.E." Many present-day hikers claim to have felt an eerie presence at that spot, and several have actually sighted an apparition. Megan Santos, one such witness, told Vanity Fair, "There was this woman with blond hair, and she seemed to be like walking on air. I immediately ran the other way."

Permanently moored in Long Beach, the cruiseliner Queen Mary, known as the "Grey Ghost" during the Second World War—one of Time magazine's Top 10 Haunted Places—is said to house a shroud of malevolent spirits. "Screams and violent noises were reported in the boiler room, where an 18-year-old sailor was severed in half by a heavy door where he was trapped. A young girl also haunts the ship as she plays a nightly game of hide-and-seek with the guests in the empty swimming pool," reports Forbes, adding, "It is believed that many spirits attach themselves to antique furniture or personal items remaining on the ship." The vessel now capitalizes on its reputation, offering séances and ghost tours as attractions.

DON'T DRINK THE TAP WATER

La La Land has no shortage of haunted history. The Cecil Hotel in downtown Los Angeles, now known as the Stay on Main, has held a sinister reputation for the better part of a century. In the '40s it became a notorious hangout for drunks and transients and the spot of countless suicides, murders and drug overdoses. It was even said to have been the home of serial killer Richard Ramirez, the infamous Night Stalker, and Elizabeth Short, dubbed Black Dahlia, who drank merrily in the decorative bar a short time before her disappearance and subsequent mutilation. Ghosts purportedly stalk the once-glamorous corridors. In fact, the building was the primary inspiration behind American Horror Story: Hotel, and the Cecil's guests have continued to report weird phenomena to this day.

In 2013 guests began complaining about foul-tasting, discolored water and low water pressure, prompting an investigation. Hotel staff eventually searched the water tanks on the roof and discovered the decomposing, naked corpse of a Canadian woman who had been missing for weeks. When the last known footage of the woman, Elisa Lam, was released, it immediately went viral. Video surveillance showed Lam acting erratically, panicking inside the elevator and peering out of the open doors, as if being followed or pursued. There was no one else present in the corridors or the elevator. What exactly she saw or was running from or what happened to her in the direct aftermath of the video remains a complete mystery.

THE BODY UNDER THE BED

Much like ghost stories, urban legends are horrific, tantalizing tales that are passed from person to person. Though seemingly ficticious, a truthful origin story can sometimes be unearthed.

One of the most commonly told legends, along with alligators in the sewers, concerns a couple who check into a room only to discover a pungent stench they can't identify emanating from somewhere. Even after searching extensively, they find it impossible to locate the source of the nauseating odor and so make a complaint to reception. It takes some time and persistence to get the hotel to assist them, but when they do, a further inspection uncovers a body in the advanced stages of decomposition stashed under the bed.

This commonly regaled story actually has several sources. Apparently storing bodies inside a box spring or under a sofa isn't as uncommon as one might imagine. In 2013, at the Capri Motel in Kansas City, a guest complained about a foul smell in his room for three nights before he couldn't take it anymore and checked out. Only then did the cleaners find a rotting body underneath the mattress. The same thing happened at the Burgundy Motor Inn in Atlantic City in 1999, when a German couple spent the night sleeping on the festering corpse of a 64-year-old man named Saul Hernandez. With almost a dozen cases since the early '80s, it's easy to see why this story became one of the most common urban legends of the pre-internet era.

HALLOWEEN DECORATIONS?

Haunted houses and ghost trains are interactive attractions designed to terrify visitors. The more ghoulish and gory the props, the better, but many stories exist about such places using genuine human remains. This dates back to the carnival days, where actual mummified bodies would be laid out for all to see—criminals and outlaws were among the biggest draws. Nu-Pike amusement park in Long Beach, California, once hosted the mummified corpse of gunslinging outlaw Elmer McCurdy as part of its fun house display. Not everyone knew he was a cadaver though. His body was only identified properly during a shoot prep for an episode of The Six Million Dollar Man. One producer didn't like the vibe of the "decoration" and went to move it, only for a dusty arm to break off, exposing a yellowed, chalky bone.

And then there are the hanging victims who were mistaken for decorations or props, their bodies swinging without anyone realizing the terrible truth. Caleb Rebh was a 14-year-old working at a haunted hayride event at Alpine Ridge Farms in Sparta, Michigan, in 2001. The thin teenager wanted to prank his friends and the visitors by putting on a noose and pretending to have been strung up. Before he could prepare himself properly, and with the noose already wrapped around his neck, the tree branch whipped him off the ground, and he began choking, unable to get free. Kicking, flailing and yelling before a crowd of jovial onlookers, Caleb slowly and painfully expired. They all thought he was acting until it was too late. All attempts to resuscitate him proved futile.

Brian Jewell was 17 years old in 1990, when he suffered the same demise at a pre-Halloween hayride, this time as part of an arranged stunt that went awry. Workers got concerned when Jewell didn't deliver his planned speech as the hay wagon passed.

That's when they made the grisly discovery. The noose he hung from wasn't supposed to tighten, but that night something went horribly wrong.

Further stories tell of bodies lying in driveways, hanging from fences and slumped in gardens, left for days under the mistaken assumption that they were elaborate Halloween decorations. Remember these tales the next time you walk past a house where the spooky seasonal decor looks just a little too real.

ELEVATOR DECAPITATION

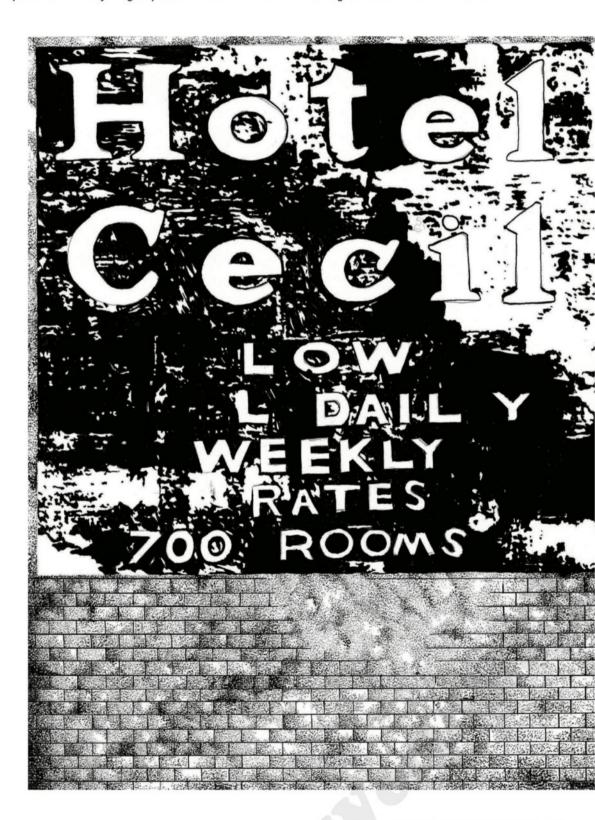
If you've ever been trapped in an elevator, you'll know that it's a claustrophobic, tense affair. It's definitely not an appropriate time to think about all of the things that could go wrong. You may even recall a story about a guy who tried to climb out of a stuck elevator, only to have it start moving and slice off his head. We're sorry to confirm that this story is true.

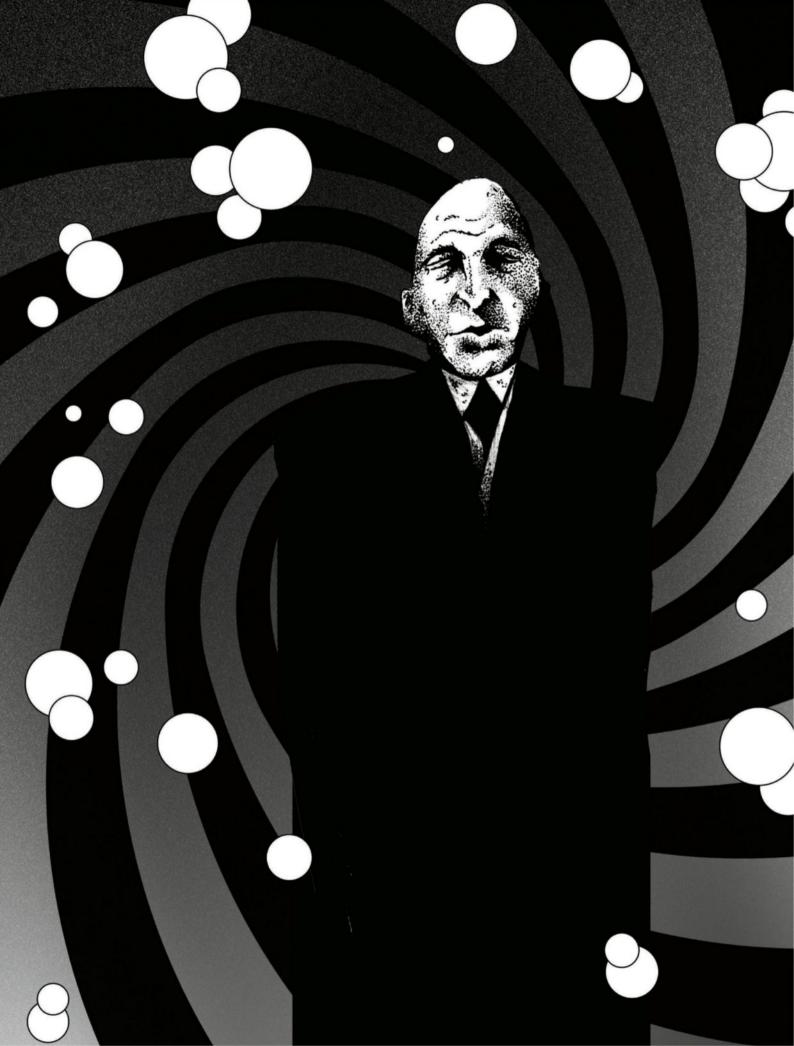
An elevator in a Houston, Texas, hospital in 2003 had been out of order for several days before someone unwittingly removed the sign informing staff that it wasn't working. When surgery resident Hitoshi Christopher Nikaidoh asked a colleague if it was up and running again, she said she hoped so.

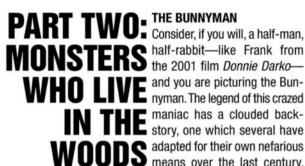
Nikaidoh went to step inside, and the doors unexpectedly closed on him, leaving him trapped by the shoulders. As he struggled to free himself, the elevator started to rise. The *Houston Press* re-

ported that Nikaidoh struggled, "trying to shrug out of the elevator, or possibly pull himself inside...but the elevator kept moving upward." What happened next is one of the most horrifying and gruesome deaths imaginable: "The ceiling sliced off most of his head. His left ear, lower lip, teeth and jaw were still attached to his body, which fell to the bottom of the elevator shaft" as the elevator kept climbing.

This incident is not isolated. Every year there are dozens of elevator deaths in the U.S. Another good reason to take the stairs. >>







MONSTERS half-rabbit—like Frank from the 2001 film Donnie Darko— WHO LIVE and you are picturing the Bun-nyman. The legend of this crazed IN THE maniac has a clouded back-story, one which several have WOODS adapted for their own nefarious means over the last century.

The most common version of the tale begins in 1904, when several mental asylums and prisons in the Clifton area of Fairfax County, Virginia, were closed down. During transportation, ten prisoners escaped. A search party found all but two, Marcus Wallster and Douglas J. Grifon. So a second search party went out after them only to discover a trail of brutally mutilated rabbits, many of which were left hanging from trees. Soon afterward, Marcus was found swinging from a small railway bridge. A note was pinned to his body that simply said, "You'll never find me no matter how hard you try. Signed, the Bunnyman."

While the original account has been long disputed, the site of the railway bridge where the supposed murder took place has become a macabre tourist attraction. And strangely enough, several Bunnyman sightings and incidents have taken place nearby, including assaults and even attempted murders. Whether that's the result of opportunistic criminals taking advantage of local lore to disguise their crimes or something more sinister and unexplained, no one really knows for sure, and so the story grows.

CROPSEY

Staten Island, New York, was home to the Willowbrook State School, a neglectful, barbaric institution, the source of many horrific tales, most of which came with a stern warning to stay as far away from the place as possible. One name began to circulate amongst the locals: Cropsey. Legend had it that he was a deformed child killer who lurked around the asylum and would come for any unattended children, leading them to a grisly demise. Some said he was an escaped mental patient himself; others claimed he was a sinister ghoul sent to torture and maim. Whatever the truth, children began disappearing in the '70s, and when Jennifer Schweiger, a 12-yearold girl with Down syndrome, went missing in the summer of 1987, a manhunt ensued.

The discovery of the girl's body in the wooded area surrounding the school prompted the hunt for more missing children. Eventually a local drifter and former custodian named Andre Rand was convicted of kidnapping Schweiger and was sentenced to 25 years to life in prison. In 2004 he was convicted for the kidnapping of another Willowbrook student, Holly Ann Hughes, as well. But only Schweiger's body was ever recovered.

CHARLIE NO FACE

Forests and dense woodland are prime locations for horror stories. Escaped prisoners or mental patients, sometimes with superhuman abilities or insatiable desires to kill, have all been reported to roam through the woods. Sometimes real monsters lie behind the legends—like with the Bunnyman or Cropsey—other times it's simply a misunderstanding. Such was the case with Charlie No Face, aka the Green Man.

In western Pennsylvania, along State Route 351, a legend grew of a faceless figure with green skin who could be seen moving through the woods or strolling along the side of the road at night. But far from being some kind of alien or supernatural monster, it was merely a case of a man who had suffered so much that he chose only to venture out after dark.

Raymond Robinson became an urban legend in his own lifetime. His story is heartbreaking. Born in 1910, Robinson was playing with friends as a child when they urged him to climb a pole so that he could see a bird's nest. Somehow Robinson became entangled in electrical wires, which burned him so badly that when he fell to the ground, his eyes, nose and arm had all but vanished. The green hue of his skin was a result of the burns. His appearance was so malformed that people often recoiled in horror or screamed when they met him. That's when Robinson retreated to the woods, where he would take nightly walks in the cool air. The soothing breeze and the darkness became his solace. Later in life, as the stories of Charlie No Face grew, people would actively seek him out. Sometimes he would burn cigarettes from them and pose for photos; other times he would flee into the woods. Despite his injuries, he lived to the age of 74.

PART THREE: Ghost stories and urban legends gain traction in THE AGE OF the same way as fake news and disinforma-THE INTERNET tion, and they can be every bit as effective

and destructive. They're appealing. That's what gives them power. They were the earliest form of viral reportage, and the internet age has since absorbed them with great delight. In recent years there have been two high-profile cases brought about by the online circulation of macabre myths and sinister stories. One nearly destroyed a career; the other destroyed lives.

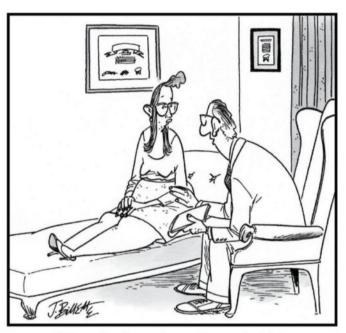
THE SUICIDE FOREST

There is a Japanese woodland which is, reportedly, so haunted and unusual that it acts as a beacon to those who wish to end their lives. As the story goes, it serves as one of the primary suicide spots in the country. Formed from a volcanic eruption and covering over 13 square miles close to Japan's iconic Mount Fuji lies Aokigahara (青木ケ原), also known as the Sea of Trees (樹海, Jukai). In Western culture it has acquired a simpler name: the Suicide Forest. Up to 100 people take their lives within these dense woods every year, and the phenomenon has gained international attention.

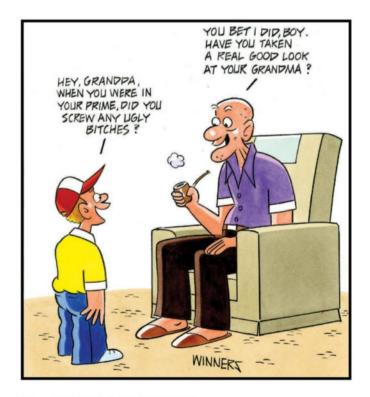
There is an unnatural feel to the forest. Roots jut from the ground and intertwine, and the trees grow incredibly close together, meaning that no wind whistles through. It is said that once inside the woods, it is easy to become lost, even >>

a few steps away from the parking lot, which is littered with abandoned vehicles, their owners slowly decomposing in the forest.

During famine times, it was common to take elderly relatives into the woods and abandon them. This brutal form of euthanasia is said to have created an army of restless spirits. Then the suicides began. Some claim that mournful ghosts entice unwary visitors to their demise. Cell phones don't work in this forest, due to magnetic iron deposits in the soil, and the woods are so thick, visitors leave trails of ribbons so that they don't become lost. Colorful remnants of these trails hang, decay-



"Mary Beth, you're not very bright, you're homely and you have an ugly body. You should have low self-esteem."



ing and lifeless, echoing the fates of some who left them there.

Pop culture soon began to address the Suicide Forest, with books and movies focusing on its sinister reputation and mysterious allure. In December 2017 YouTube celebrity Logan Paul made a video diary of his trip to Japan. The multimillionaire recorded himself playing numerous pranks on unsuspecting citizens before venturing to the forest. His channel, which is popular with a predominantly young audience, became host for a video in which Paul and his buddies walked into the woods and within minutes found their first body. Laughing and joking, Paul played it up for the camera as he and his cohorts filmed the corpse dangling from a branch.

The fallout wasn't pretty. Paul lost several lucrative sponsorships and became the subject of a debate on cultural sensitivity. Several insisted that the forest had reached out to someone who was trying to mock it. Paul was drawn in by the attraction that comes with urban legends, and he paid a financial price. Another group of kids were not so lucky, when their fascination with an online urban legend led them to try and kill.

SLENDER MAN

In May 2014 Anissa Weier and Morgan Geyser, a pair of 12-year-old Wisconsin girls with active imaginations, invited their friend to play a game of hide-and-seek in the local woods the morning after a sleep-over. Their intent was to violently murder her.

They led their friend deep into the forest. Then, taking out a kitchen knife they had stolen from home, Geyser plunged the blade into their friend 19 times while Weier urged her on. The duo ordered their victim to lie on the ground and wait for them to get help. They left her there to die, but somehow she miraculously survived, crawling out of the woods, where she was found by a passing cyclist.

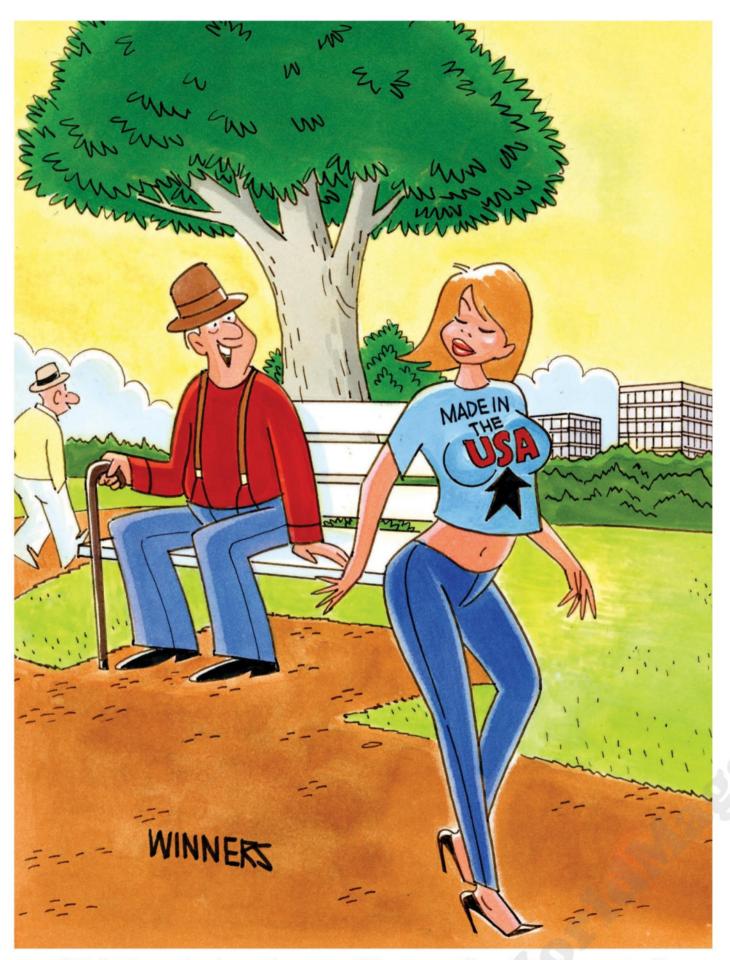
In 2017 both girls pleaded guilty to the crime. Weier was sentenced to 25 years for being a party to attempted second-degree homicide. Two months later Geyser was sentenced to 40 years for attempted first-degree murder. Both were sent to a mental institution. But what had motivated the girls? In a statement given to police, they said that they wished to become "proxies" or servants of Slender Man in order to protect themselves and their families.

Who is Slender Man? Created by Eric Knudsen, Slender Man was a Photoshop competition entry for a forum called Something Awful. He is a hybrid of the Tall Man from the *Phantasm* movies and a H.P. Lovecraft creation: a faceless, towering figure with shadowy tentacles protruding from his back. He is a harvester of souls, a taker of children—one of the most heinous modern ghost stories. There's even a *Slender Man* movie in the works, which has drawn the ire of Anissa Weier's father, who has lambasted it for being "extremely distasteful."

Regardless, Slender Man represents a turnaround in the evolution of the modern urban legend. Previously it was often a real-life incident that sparked an associated, possibly exaggerated legend. Now we are seeing the reverse, in which an internet fantasy almost led to murder.

EPILOGUE

A good ghost story or urban legend scares us because it could happen to us. Though not probable, the recounted events are possible, and that adds a sense of tension and fear to the everyday things we do, be it a hotel stay or a walk in the woods. The tales may sound sensational and horrific, but sometimes the things that go bump in the night can kill you. Happy Halloween.



"Well, it's good to know that some things are still made in this country!"































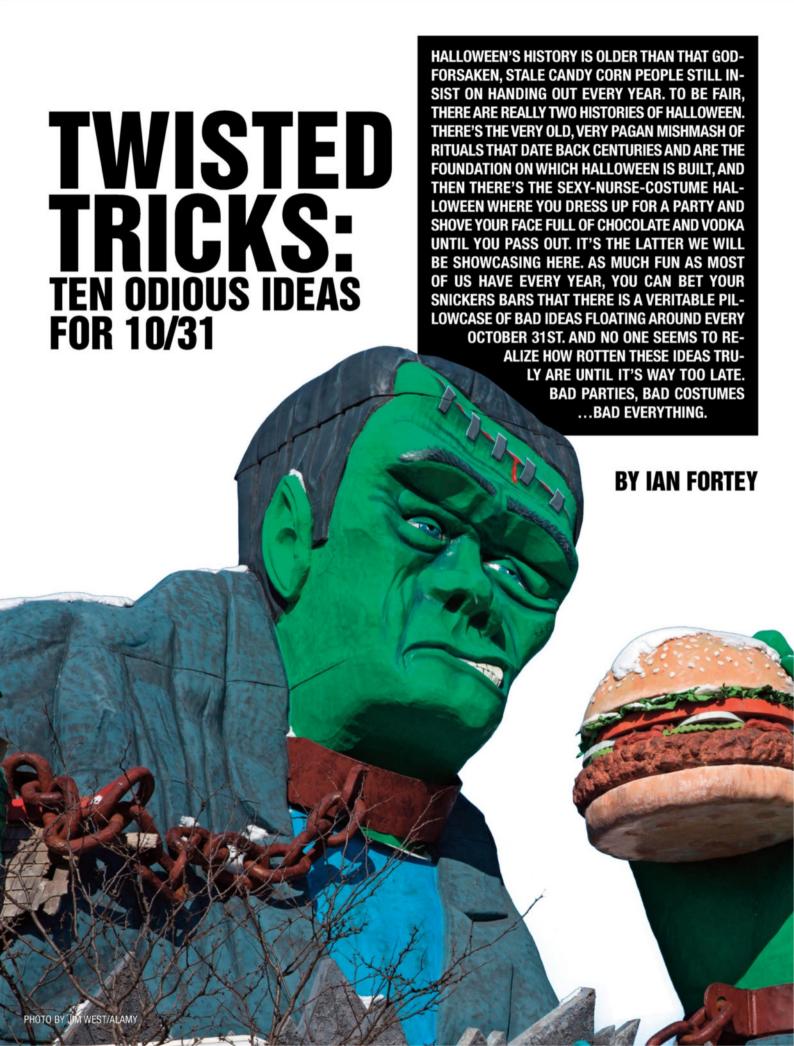












GREEN How does a fast-food chain capitalize on a holiday known for monsters and candy when they offer up POOP? neither of these things? If you're part of the marketing department at Burger King circa 2015, you come up with a Whopper as black as the soul of whoever created that terrifying, plastic-headed King mascot of theirs.

A black Whopper doesn't sound entirely terrible—after all, if the flavor's the same, it's just a cute little gimmick for Halloween, no harm done. But it did have one special side effect.

As anyone who eats a lot of beets knows, color can filter through your body relatively unchanged. Beets can make you think you're pissing blood. And as it turned out, the black Whopper, whose bun contained a high concentration of coloring agent, turned your shit as green as a leprechaun up to his nuts in clover. So maybe they hit the Halloween nail on the head after all. It wasn't causing any harm, and predictably, Burger King didn't have a statement on the hue of their customers' bowel movements. But you can assume the burger won't be making a comeback.

SUICIDE You can't envy the people who are in charge of thinking up new Halloween costumes every SCARS year; it's hard to innovate terror. Sure, you can make sexy versions of whatever cultural icons

are popular at the moment, but for the long haul? Not a lot of new nightmares are being made (outside of politics), and you can only tweak a vampire or a witch so much. So when someone came up with the idea of fake suicide scars, it probably sounded good at the time. Just at that time. In that guy's head.

Bastion of good taste Walmart offered the latex scars back in 2016 alongside more traditional "fun" scars, like the kind you get from regular murders and maulings. The suicide scar, depicted as razor wounds down an arm, hit a sour note. People pointed out that there is a difference between being axed by Jason Vorhees and slicing your own arm up because you're depressed and suicidal.

Walmart blamed a third-party vendor for what they called an appalling costume and scrubbed it from the website, then went back to slowly destroying the lives of their employees at unbeatable prices.

VAGINA Finding a good Halloween mask is never easy—ask John Carpenter. When he FACE was making his iconic horror movie Halloween, they ended up using a William Shatner mask painted white for Michael Myers because Shatner was the most terrifying thing Haddonfield had in their mask store. If masks are your thing, maybe you'll want to look up Etsy de-

signer Melissa Coulter, who makes one heck of a memorable BDSM mask that looks basically like a cenobite from the movie Hellraiser.

Not specifically for Halloween, per se, this is a mask designed to mimic flesh that is utterly featureless save for one extremely noticeable vagina where a mouth should be. No eyes, no nose, no ears or even hair. It does have a lot of errant flesh flaps and folds, mind you, because any good face vagina ought to start from the sides of your head and grow inward. What's not to love?

ANNE FRANK If you run a business that sells nothing but Halloween costumes,

COSTUMES chances are you're going to be less discerning in some regards

than a business that sells many items and also Halloween costumes. You'll likely have some better-quality, more expensive items and then some shit sandwiches that no one else wanted but you needed so that your inventory could be more than ten things. And then, way down past the shit sandwiches, you're going to have the Anne Frank costumes.

Like blackface and Hitler, there's a very specific wrongness to turning Anne Frank, a young girl of historical significance murdered by some of history's greatest monsters, into a fun getup for All Hallows' Eve parties.

Massive backlash caused HalloweenCostumes.com to remove the product from sale, but that doesn't change the fact someone thought it up, made it, took photographs of a girl wearing it, then posted it to the site. Next time stick to sexy refugees or something less soulcrushing.

CLOWN Everyone has their own kinks, right? Some people dig feet, some dig being peed on by Russian **ORGY** escorts in a hotel, and maybe some people even dig clowns.

If you recall, back in 2016, there was a bit of clown hysteria in the news. People were claiming to see clowns all over the globe being generally creepy and uncool. The media just latched on to it and spread the furor even more, and for a few weeks you couldn't read any news without seeing a clown story in there somewhere. And that ruined clown sex for everyone at the Paradise Spa in the U.K.

For their annual Halloween bash, the spa held a costume party so you could finally have sex with a Ninja Turtle or a sexy janitor like you always wanted. But the clown thing was just too much by that point, so the good folks at the spa met and took the unusual step of formally prohibiting clowns from their fuckfest. This was no doubt partially because clowns are 90% unfuckable and partially because, with people constantly calling the police on random clowns, it presented the potential for police involvement. If you've ever had a Halloween orgy raided by the cops, you can appreciate what a buzzkill that is.

NAKED & As you may or may not be aware, one of the most common fears people have is being **AFRAID** naked in public. Some of us just don't want strangers eyeballing our buttholes. Shockto-

berfest, the premiere scream factory in Pennsylvania, had the bright idea to put on a haunted house one year for Halloween that required you to leave your clothes at the door. Hey, what could be better than running bare-ass through a dark house while strangers in hockey masks chase you with fake chainsaws? Your bits flopping panic sweat to and fro while you constantly wonder if some latter-day carny is going through your wallet, wherever the hell you left it.

As cool or terrible an idea as the naked haunted house might have been, depending on your terror proclivities, the community at large eventually took issue with the plan. The house decided to ban full nudity and instead had people run through in their underwear. Just a fun trip on a brisk October day to a scary house in your skivvies. >>



HATING You're pretty much on thin ice with absolutely any costume choice these days—if your sexy **ON FOX** SpongeBob doesn't piss someone off, your drunken-pilot, Native American or ICE-officer outfit most certainly will. It's almost like you can't win, like a random stranger might take offense and kick your ass, because that has literally happened.

You may not think dressing like a reporter from Fox News is a good idea for a costume, or you may think it's the greatest thing since Bill O'Reilly couldn't tell the difference between fondling a woman with a loofah or a falafel. Whatever the case, a fellow by the name of Sean Kory so hated the very idea of a Fox News reporter that when he saw a man dressed as one for Halloween, he took the guy's microphone and proceeded to dry-hump it before beating the pseudo-reporter with a tennis racquet. Oh, yeah, Kory was dressed as a female tennis player at the time.

Needless to say, cops were quick to respond and take Kory in, because you can't just go around maliciously rubbing your junk on someone's microphone before you beat them. That's what Arbor Day is for.

DRUGS, SUGAR, Every year around Halloween the media drags out the same

WHATEVS old horse to beat with a sack of Necco wafers about candy

that's been tampered with. The reality is, almost no candy has ever, in the history of America, legitimately been tampered with. There have only been an extremely small handful of isolated incidents, and those are often the result of parents actually doing it to their own kids. But hey, it's Halloween, and the media needs something to scare you with. Maybe they should stick to these stories: accidental drug handouts.

Turns out, when you're a bit wasted, figuring out the difference between a bag of cocaine and a bag of Smarties is way harder than it seems. In 2012, across the pond, in the town of Oldham in Northern England, a 23-year-old man grabbed a handful of sacks of candy and gave them to a trio of kids ages five, six and eight. He thought they were bags of gummy bears. They were, in fact, bags of cocaine he had purchased earlier in the day. And the father of the children, an off-duty police officer, didn't take kindly to his kids getting \$300 worth of nose candy.

In California, Texas and Wisconsin, meth has found its way into Hal-



loween candy because of course it has. What drug dealer can keep their candy and their meth straight these days? It's a lot to deal with. Suffice it to say, too many people out there need to invest in more than one big bowl when October rolls around so they can separate the narcotics from the nougat.

BLOOD Wesley Snipes' *Blade* trilogy is, without a doubt, the greatest trilogy of vampire movies that Wesley **RAVES** Snipes ever starred in. The flicks have everything—Jessica Biel, blood, Jessica Biel. They're really worth a watch. And if you do watch, you'll notice that the opening sequence of the first movie is some kind of hipster-pire, blood-orgy, night-on-the-town extravaganza—what has long been described as a "blood rave." If the name doesn't give it away, it's a bunch of people dancing and being doused with blood from the sprinkler systems.

The logistics of switching the plumbing from the municipal water supply to some massive storehouse of blood notwithstanding, the scene is visually incredible, and some people in Amsterdam absolutely agreed, since they decided to set up a Halloween Blood Rave of their own to celebrate the evening.

Now some folks were concerned that this event was going to use real blood in just a nightmare of hepatitis and hair clots, but rest assured no one in Amsterdam is that prolific at exsanguinations, not to mention whatever you'd need to do to prevent spigot scabs. Their goal was fake blood. That said, someone still planned a fake Blood Rave, and others thought it was an awesome idea. Bloody astounding.

A KKK In 2015 Barack Obama was President, *The Force Awakens* was the number-one movie at the box of-PARTY fice, and people were dressing up like KKK members for Halloween. Not just anyone either. Cary Sharp, the 47-year-old husband of Lahoma, Oklahoma, mayor Theresa Sharp, took it upon himself to dress up with a few buddies as Klansmen. You know, as a joke. A local resident noticed and took photos of the group next to a fire and a cross and posted them on Facebook.

This story has a lot of issues, from trying to claim there's inherent humor in dressing as a white supremacist to the revelation that someone named a town in Oklahoma Lahoma. The mayor said her husband meant no harm and they were just some "good ol' boys" having fun. And since she's the mayor, that's the end of that story.















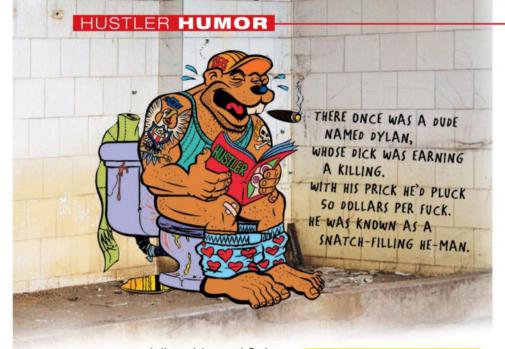












A sexy speech therapist named Carla was at an impasse with three male stutterers. Deciding it was time for drastic action, she announced, "I'll give a blowjob to the man who can tell me where he was born without stuttering."

Patrick quickly stood up and said, "B-b-b-boston." He angrily shook his head and sat down.

James got up and went, "C-c-c-cleveland." Disappointed, he slapped his face and sat back down too.

Daniel stood up and told the therapist, "I'm from Miami."

Carla dropped to her knees and made good on her promise. After finishing the BJ, she asked, "How was that?"

"B-b-b-beach."

Three women from different countries were sitting naked in a sauna. Suddenly there was a beeping sound. The American pressed her forearm, and the beeping stopped. The others looked at her questioningly. "That was my pager," the American explained. "I have a microchip under the skin of my arm."

A few minutes later a phone rang. The Japanese woman lifted her palm to her ear. Once the call ended, she told the others, "That was my mobile phone. I have a microchip in my hand."

Colleen, an Irish gal, started feeling painfully low-tech. Wanting to outdo her companions, she stepped out of the sauna and went to the lavatory. When she returned, a sheet of toilet paper was dangling from her ass. As the others raised their eyebrows, Colleen announced in a thick Irish brogue, "Would you look at that? I'm getting a fax!"

Question: What do you call a nympho in a convent?

Answer: Lost.

Opponents of laws legalreational use of marijuana argue that smoking weed causes short-term memory loss. Next they'll be saying that smoking weed causes short-term memory loss. A ghost walked into a bar at 1 a.m. and asked for a gin and tonic. The bartender said, "Sorry, pal, we don't serve spirits after midnight."

Leerv husband: "Honey, where are you?"

Wife: "At home, dear." Husband: "Are you sure?"

Wife: "Yes."

Husband: "Turn on the blender."
Wife: (*Blender starts up.*) *RWRWRWR*.
Husband: "Okay, dear. Goodbye."
Apathor day, Leary busband: "Honey

Another day. Leery husband: "Honey,

where are you?"

Wife: "At home, dear." Husband: "Are you sure?"

Wife: "Yes."

Husband: "Turn on the blender." Wife: (*Blender starts up.*) *RWRWRWR*.

Husband: "Okay, dear. Goodbye."

The following day the husband decides to go home early. He finds his son in the kitchen and asks, "Where's your mother?"

"I don't know, Dad. She grabbed the blender and went out."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, send it to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to HUSTLER@LFP.com. If we print it, we'll send you 25 bucks!





EDASNER: "MY SOUL IS PROGRESSIVE"

d Asner has won more Primetime Emmy Awards for performance than any male actor in television history. He earned five for portraying his signature role, the gruff but lovable newsman Lou Grant—first on the sitcom *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* and then in the spinoff hour-long series *Lou Grant*—making him the first actor to score Emmys for playing the same character in the comedy and drama categories. In 1976 and 1977, he received the coveted accolade for Outstanding Single Performance by a Supporting Actor in a Comedy or Drama Series in the groundbreaking miniseries *Rich Man, Poor Man* and *Roots*, respectively. Asner is also the recipient of five—count them, five—Golden Globes, and his endless list of credits extend to the big screen, including playing Santa in 2003's *Elf* and providing the voice for Carl Fredricksen in 2009's *Up*.

Born in Kansas City, Missouri, in 1929, the legendary star maintains an impressive pace. As of press time, he had an astounding 17 credits for 2018 alone and currently stars in a one-man show. Last year Asner coauthored *The Grouchy Historian: An Old-Time Lefty Defends Our Constitution Against Right-Wing Hypocrites and Nutjobs*, and this year he launched The Ed Asner Family Center, a foundation for special needs children. The foundation is far from being the first time Asner has used his celebrity to support causes he champions, including controversial ones—he has played one of his greatest roles offscreen, as a longtime lion of the Hollywood Left. In this candid conversation the outspoken icon discusses his near fall from grace when he took on the Reagan Administration, his most famous costar Mary Tyler Moore, the Second Amendment, global warming and more. >>

INTERVIEW BY ED RAMPELL PHOTOGRAPHY BY VICTOR LIGHTWORSHIP



HUSTLER: Let's discuss one of your more taxing roles. About eight years ago you played President Franklin Delano Roosevelt onstage in the one-man show *FDR*. Why did you want to portray President Roosevelt?

ED ASNER: Well, I adored him. I adored what he did for our country. I was on a cruise where everybody was supposed to deliver something dramatically. They had this one-man show that had been written about FDR, and they said, "Would you do that?" I said yeah and saw that it would certainly please the laboring people in the audience. So after the cruise, Phil Langley, the producer of the cruise, said, "Shall we see if we could get this booked and go on tour?" I said, "Fine." We did, we took it on tour, and four years later we concluded it.

FDR was not only a one-man show, but it was a one-act play, without an intermission.

About 90 minutes.

You had great fortitude to carry a one-man show for that long.

I'm doing it now—a new one-man show. It's called *A Man and His Prostate*.

Tell us about it.

It's a comedy written by Ed Weinberger, who was a writer/producer on *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* and my coauthor of *The Grouchy Historian*.

It's also a one-act play?

Yes. About 90 minutes. We've been going all over for two years now.

That's incredible. A one-man show is very difficult for anybody to do. What's your secret to staying so active and to longevity?

Not recognizing that you've fallen.

You just keep moving your feet and you eventually tread into new territory.

Your most famous costar, Mary Tyler Moore, passed away last year. How did you feel about the star of *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* sitcom?

She was a honey—she was the greatest leading lady one could ask for. I learned a lot from her. I compared us to being the axle upon which the wheels turn. Without a good axle you have nothing. I tried to do the same with *Lou Grant*.

I read that you confessed to having had a crush on Mary.

Oh, sure. Who wouldn't? Who wouldn't?!

Tell us about your early days in Hollywood.

I bought my house from Herbert Biberman [director of the 1954 left-wing classic *Salt of the Earth*]. We had been out in California for a year and a half, and my wife had gotten pregnant, and we had to find a place to raise that kid. We came across houses for sale on Wrightwood Drive. Herbert Biberman was out front telling people about the house, and we eventually bought it.

What was the director like?

He was a lovely guy. You'd think being married to Gale Sondergaard [who won the first Best Supporting Actress Oscar for 1936's *Anthony Adverse*], he'd be trembling with delirium tremens—but he seemed in good shape. I certainly admired her.

Of course, in 1947 Biberman became one of the Hollywood Ten, who, along with about 300 others, were banned from working in the movie industry during the Red Scare of the '40s and '50s because they refused to recant their progressive politics and inform on others. Since you brought him up, let's jump right into your own brush with censorship. Tell us about what happened when you were making the series *Lou Grant*, were president of the Screen Actors Guild and got into a big conflict with the Reagan Administration?

I was approached by a Catholic nun named Sister Pat Krommer. She showed me footage shot by a Belgian cinematographer about the dead left in El Salvador. I was shocked and couldn't believe it. This is happening under U.S. aegis by an ally of the U.S. Then Bill Zimmerman

came to me, having been successful with medical aid for Indochina, and he said, "We're going do the same for El Salvador. Will you be on our board?" I said, "I'd love to." That was in early '81, I believe. I kept waiting and waiting. They didn't get around to me until February of '82, when they announced they were going to go to Washington to make their first presentation of money. It was \$25,000 that had been raised, and we presented it to a Mexican who was going to be the deliveryman to one of the Salvadoran archbishops, who was then going to distribute the money to help the dispossessed, the sufferers.

That announcement we made in Washington, D.C. Because I was the star of a current TV show, they asked me to read the credo of the group, which I did. It was a huge press turnout—automatically they began asking questions. Because I was already there with a microphone in my hand, I began to field the questions. Big mistake! Big mistake!

First question was okay; second question was all right. Then the third question was: "Now you say you're for free elections in El Salvador." I said, "Yeah, that's right." "Well, what happens if it turns out a communist government?" And it hit me like a sledgehammer between the ears. *You schmuck! Jesus Christ!* I thought I was playing it safe all these years—but such was not to be.

I thought and thought, then gave some weak answer, moved on to the next question and answered it as best I could. But I was so plagued and haunted by that weak answer, I turned back to that news reporter—I said, "I wasn't satisfied with that answer I gave you. What I'd like to say is, if it's the government that the people of El Salvador choose, then let them have it."

That's democracy.

That's what it's called. Well, I figured my life in show biz was over with



that answer. Because I could feel the inherent poison that was gathering up around it.

What happened afterward?

Charlton Heston made all kinds of slurs and innuendos about my response. Bruce Herschensohn was a commentator on ABC at the time, and he spent three nights talking about what a danger I was to the country. He said, "Ed Asner is a dangerous, dangerous man." So he knew what we were sowing in El Salvador. So I waited for everything to fall. Kimberly-Clark, which had two factories in El Salvador, pulled out their ads. They were later followed by Vidal Sassoon and Cadbury candy. The uproar was tremendous. A couple of people in Congress wanted to somehow have Congress take action for my answer—nothing came of that.

The backstory is that you were president of the same labor union that U.S. President Reagan had led during the 1940s and '50s. What was Ronald Reagan's role as Screen Actors Guild president during the Hollywood blacklist years?

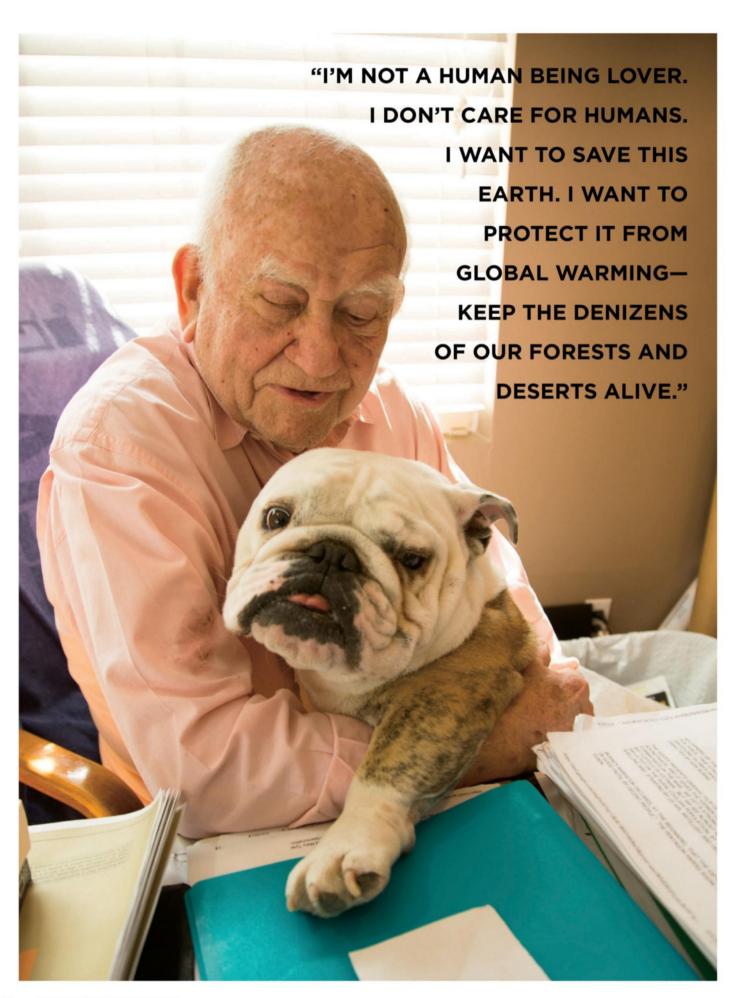
He agreed to give his thoughts on the commies in Hollywood privately to the House Un-American Activities Committee. Reagan was quite clandestine in the way he operated.

Of course, your public statements were opposed to the policies Reagan pursued as U.S. President in Central America, some of which were later exposed during the Iran-Contra scandal. How had *Lou Grant* been doing in the ratings on CBS before this brouhaha erupted?

It started poorly. CBS had us listed as a comedy the first two weeks in *TV Guide*. Then it slowly built up as people began to adjust to the program. It was the best idea program on the air at the time. Five years later our ratings were maybe somewhere around the middle someplace.

How did the Central America-related controversy affect your TV series?

Well, as I said, those sponsors pulled out. There was an unattributed story that Bill Paley, the head of CBS, walked in and saw the Monday night lineup and looked at it and said, "What is that"—meaning Lou Grant—"doing there? Get it off! Get it off!" I never read that that was substantiated, but that's what I heard. There was just a slight drop in the ratings. CBS sent its vice president out, a guy I knew and liked, Jim Rosenfield, just to show me that sponsors were standing in line for the show, that it wasn't because of lack of sponsors that the show was being canceled. >>



Do you feel that canceling *Lou Grant* was an act of political reprisal and censorship?

Oh, yeah. Absolutely.

In retrospect, do you feel that U.S.-Central America policies back in the 1980s have created at least part of the current immigration crisis, with people fleeing El Salvador, Honduras, etc., to come to the U.S.? Yeah, I'd say it was blowback. But I don't think it changed anything in terms of U.S. mentality.

Let's talk about a character you played in a very controversial movie. In *JFK* you played an actual historical figure, Guy Banister. Who was he?

He was an ex-FBI man who was a drunk and certainly filled with the idea of anticommunism to the fullest.

Was he linked to Kennedy's assassination?

I know the FBI was involved in the assassination. I can't say that Guy Banister was one of them.

Who do you think killed President Kennedy?

I think the military was probably involved. The secret government of the United States, who are the rich. Between the two of those elements, I think his assassination was arrived at.

What was it like working with director Oliver Stone?

Well, he's very exciting. He, of course, had already won awards but was not the free spirit he now is.

What is your opinion of President Trump?

He's a loose cannon. For Donald Trump to have won an election with 2 to 3 million votes less than his competitor is obscene. And that's all due to the Electoral College. I'd like to tackle the problem of the Electoral College and why we must be saddled with it to give us renditions such as the 2016 election and Donald Trump.

Do you favor impeachment?

Whatever stops him, his bad judgment—which he has in plenty, enough to persuade people to vote the other way. These are very chaotic times we're living in, with Trump as President, with the Democrats without any viable candidates of their own, with the Republicans in control of Congress. And the ways and means have to be found to get them out, to stop staining the halls of Congress. It almost seems like move one step forward; move two steps back. That seems to be the place where we are now.

There's a fatal flaw, a fascistic tendency in the American shape. And we resort to it all too often.

Do you favor broadening our democracy to make it more popular and participatory?

Start thinking of this as more of a democracy and less as a republic. My soul is progressive, liberal.

When this country began, there were no political parties per se. What do you think about that, no political parties?

Well, you're going to have political parties. If two people get together, it's going to be a party. You've got to have parties. I'd like to see more

parties in this country. I'd like to see a party for socialism influence our government.

Like Eugene Debs, who ran for President as head of the Socialist Party five times from 1900 to 1920?

Who suffered and was imprisoned and was hard put upon.

What do you think of socialism?

I think it's good as long as there are counters to the elite forces around to keep it from going off half-crocked.

And Senator Bernie Sanders?

He's okay. We need even braver men than that.

Tell us about your new book The Grouchy Historian.

Ed Weinberger came to me and wanted to know if I'd cowrite with him—he was a writer/producer on *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*. I said, "Yeah!" And it's about the fact that the right-wing in this country has taken the Constitution as their own piece of paper, credo, batch of words for them to interpret for the rest of us "dummies." We wanted to challenge that—and we have, I think, very effectively. We reinterpret the articles of the Constitution and explain them better than they have been previously. We talk about those men who created the Constitution to demonstrate that many of them were lawyers. They were all successful—they were the one percent of their day.

Many of them were slaveholders.

Yes. Yes. And even those who didn't have slaves or didn't believe in it felt they could not Constitutionally attack slavery at the time because it would split up the agreement they were all sharing.

You make a very astute observation about the Second Amendment in *The Grouchy Historian* that I'd never heard before. You pointed out that when the Bill of Rights refers to the right to bear arms, the Second Amendment uses plural words—a "well-regulated Militia," which is obviously a group, and "the people." But it never refers to the individual.

The Second Amendment has been grossly misinterpreted, misread, mishandled. We need a come-to-Jesus meeting concerning the Second Amendment and maybe other things that need to be done.

What is the Ed Asner Family Center?

It's a center designed to use the talents of my son and daughters—getting to young disabled people and giving them a handle on life.

What is your personal connection to people with disabilities?

I have my youngest son; he's autistic. I'm proud of the fact that he is 30 years old and a couple of years ago got his bachelor's degree at Southern Connecticut State University. My older son has a younger son who is also autistic. And he's married to a lady who has two children who are autistic. So we have a lot to cook on at home. We have great empathy for the children and sufferers of autism.

Anything you'd like to add?

I'm not a human being lover. I don't care for humans. I want to save this Earth. I want to protect it from global warming—keep the denizens of our forests and deserts alive.





ARDCORE SHOWCASI TAMRA MILLAN

BLACK APPLE BOTTOMS

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: RICK DAVIS. STAR-RING: TAMRA MILLAN, ARYANA ADIN, LAYTON BENTON, LAYLA MONROE, PATRICIA LUST, NAT TURNHER, TALON, MARCO BANDERAS, LEE STONE & WESLEY PIPES.



Jackoffs whose erotic preferences tend toward

the dark side will find plenty to love in Black Apple Bottoms, a video tribute to full, mahogany-hued glutes. If you like 'em ample-bottomed. Layla Monroe will do the trick. Her ass cheeks sway and ripple with a life of their own as she shows off their jiggle factor. It's downright mesmerizing. Once Monroe's rump humps are oiled up and tenderized with a few well-placed swats, her browneye is pierced by an eager cum-slinger. With each thrust back against her lover's groin, Monroe's dumper pulsates with rhythmic allure. Patricia Lust is a more compact model, but she packs some big thrills into her tight frame. Lust displays masterful control over her toned booty, and her pretty face and jutting dairy domes are equally enticing. Lust is a brave one too, taking on a horse-hung dude whose prick is roughly the length of her forearm. Unperturbed by his size, she gamely mounts his shaft for a ride before he pile-drives her pussy and spackles her ass crack with nut butter. Callipygian cock coaxer Aryana Adin is yet another dusky delight, with big, billowing chest pillows and ball-gargling blowjob skills. If you're down with the brown, Black Apple Bottoms will make your mouth water. Order today by calling 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visiting HustlerStore.com. -Pico D. Ribibi





HARDCORE SHOWCASE









GAMES WE PLAY

TRENCHCOATX. DIRECTOR: KAYDEN KROSS. STARRING: ANGELA WHITE, VALENTINA NAPPI, ALEXA GRACE, ASHLEY LANE, MANUEL FERRARA, MARKUS DUPREE & TYLER NIXON.

Kayden Kross continues to establish herself as a standout porn director with Games We Play, a hyper-stylish offering adorned with directorial flourishes that enhance—rather than distract from—the erotic heat of the scenes she delivers. This is a vignette-style affair. with nothing to connect the scenes aside from Kross's cinematic ambition, which luckily yields a product that's both artistically and carnally pleasing. Impatient hard-ons might quibble with the devotion to pacing, detail, lighting and camerawork, but the effort's worth it—it's like jacking off to a van Gogh instead of a graffiti-strewn billboard. And if you're fortunate enough to have a woman by your side, she just might be sufficiently inspired by this flick to lend a helping hand. Strawberry blonde Ashley Lane endlessly teases a dude, tormenting him with her mouth and hand. The scene's set looks a bit like an abandoned Long John Silver's, but Kross makes it work, creating a mood that's Fifty Shades of Hot. Anyone who has ever been in a dysfunctional relationship will appreciate the emotionally hefty scene between big-titted brunette Angela White and her boyfriend, who she discovers is cheating on her through a bit of cell phone snooping. The entanglement is unflinching and unnerving, an intense swirl of choking, crying, ass-fucking and titty-humping, played out on a spectrum that careens from rage to ecstasy. I wish that there was a Seven-Eighths Erect rating to award Games We Play. When Kross latches on to a solid, feature-length concept, she will ably establish herself as the Martin Scorsese of scuzz flicks. Until then, there's plenty here for the viewer's intellect and libido to toy with.





HARDCORE SHOWCASE















SLUT PUPPIES 12

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: JULES JORDAN. STARRING: GINA VALENTINA, KARLEE GREY, GIA DERZA, UMA JOLIE, HONEY GOLD, DREDD, CHRIS STROKES & JULES JORDAN.

The box cover for *Slut Puppies 12* touts "the dirtiest models on the planet!" That's a bold

claim, but the tail-wagging cock hounds presented here certainly do dirty up well. The video kicks off with brunettes Gina Valentina and Karlee Grey massaging each other's curvaceous bodies while wearing postage stamp-size swimsuits. A steamy make-out session ensues, until they're introduced to Dredd, a dreadlocked soul brother with a cock like an oak branch. Valentina and Grey attempt to choke down as much of Dredd's meat mast as they can, while he attempts to not pass out from the blood flow to his groin girder. It's a heroic effort all around. Once hoovered to tumescence, Dredd slips his plussize prong into their nether clefts, to the squealing delight of both Valentina and Grey. Then Grey works Dredd's prick like a plunger handle while Valentina slobbers on his nuts. Gia Derza, with her big. bright eyes and innocent appearance, looks like she should be in a Noxzema ad instead of a porn flick. As it turns out, Derza prefers her facial cream dispensed from a blood-swollen sperm spigot. Tightbodied, tawny-skinned beauty Honey Gold is a particular delight as she works over a couple of slammers until her face and neck are a mess of bubbly drool. There's nothing fancy here, but Slut Puppies 12 will make your dick sit up and beg.





















HUSTLER CASINO



"Eenie, meenie, miney, moe..."



MORGEN





EDITED BY



"T E X"

HAGEN



CORA CODY

"I love HUSTLER," raves Cora Cody, 25, a certified yoga instructor from Astoria, Oregon. "Once the opportunity to appear in your magazine came along, I jumped right on it!" Besides eagerly shedding her duds, the 5-foot-7 newbie sheds light on her personality. "I'm compassionate, funny, absolutely imaginative, intuitive by nature and optimistic by heart," Cora tells us. "I enjoy hiking, camping, traveling and hosting small get-togethers with my girlfriends. I'm bisexual and 100% proud of it." The certified hottie adds, "I'm fairly comfortable exploring the various options on the great palette of sex. I'm willing to expand my repertoire, and I'm quite skilled at using my creative instincts in the bedroom. My approach is always playful and fun! Doggy-style is my favorite position, and I'm a deep-throat specialist! I also love being spanked."

—Photos by Friend





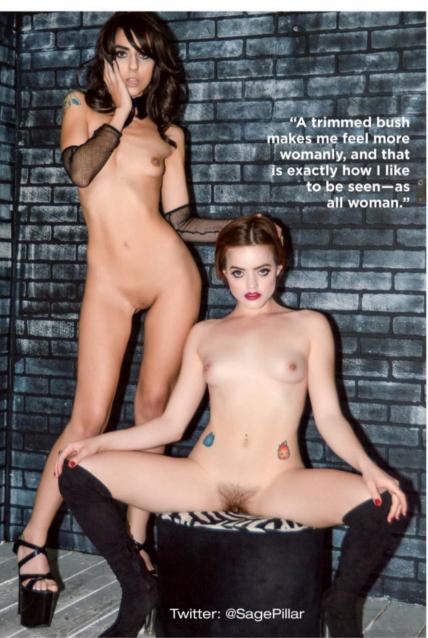




To give this roundup a Halloween twist, we've included two bosom buddies who knocked on our door begging to be dual eye candy. "I'm quirky, bubbly, flirty and seductive," says bush-sporting Sage Pillar, 22, an actress from Mesa, Arizona. "I love being seen naked and having people lust for me," the 5-foot-3 painting aficionada and ardent exhibitionist fesses up. "I had sex in a hotel room with a huge window facing the street, and I have been to several nudist colonies. Seeing how free everyone was with their bodies was very exciting." Sage avidly shares her bod with both genders, preferably at the same time: "I love to see and hear a woman I am tasting while I'm being penetrated by a man from behind." Sage, whose fantasy is "an all-girl orgy in a stadium," isn't a size queen. "The feeling of having your pussy stretched out is amazing," she explains, "but if the guy can give me multiple orgasms, who the fuck cares how big his dick is?"







STACY DAYE

"I want people to see my sexy, unique shape," states Stacy Daye, 25, a delivery driver from Tucson, Arizona. "I am definitely different from what other women look like, and I love being naked. I honestly feel more embarrassed in clothes." The 5-foot-2 neophyte also wants people to know what makes her unique. "I'm sensual, seductive, compassionate, intelligent and empathic," Stacy elaborates. "I'm into video games, fucking, doing my makeup, masturbating, shopping, listening to death metal music, drawing, writing gruesome horror stories and watching scary B movies that nobody has heard of." As for her X-rated to-do list, Stacy avows, "I normally don't like to put a label on my sexuality. I like pussy; I like dick too. It's all in the moment, guys! Going with the flow is my thing. Watching people masturbate is a crazy kink of mine, and I love to suck dick while watching a movie. It's so arousing! The feeling of pleasing someone is truly mesmerizing. Sex is beautiful."

--Photos by Paradise Bound Productions











NATURAL AMANDA

Designing clothes is one of Natural Amanda's talents, but the 22-year-old "self-made entrepreneur" from Portland, Oregon, also digs taking hers off for an audience. "I'm an adventurous, inspiring, affectionate and enchanting free spirit," the 5-foot-3 skin-mag rookie notes. "People say that I'm a breath of fresh air, but I have a tomboy side to go with my girlie side. I enjoy surfing, camping and hiking." She also fancies music-"mostly hip-hop, reggae and oldies"—the TV hit Breaking Bad, traveling to exotic places and having erotic encounters with men and women. "I think it's important to create a healing atmosphere before sex," Natural Amanda asserts. "I like to start with a sexy striptease, seductive massage and kissing, slowly working my way from a man's face and neck down to his cock. I give him a soft blowjob and then ride on top, or go at it doggy-style, until we both come together. When there's a loving connection, -Photos by Friend nothing else matters."









HEATHER

"I enjoy being in my birthday suit, and I'm proud of my body in every way," proclaims Heather, 27, from Killeen, Texas. "I dance at a strip club called The Dollhouse. I love my job to death. It's fun and exciting." Whether disrobing for HUSTLER or a live crowd, the 5-foot-7 bombshell is heeding the words tracing her collarbone: "Do What You Love." Heather's loves include puzzles, country crooner George Strait, rapper Future, swimming and working out at the gym. "Staying active and staying healthy are very important to me," Heather discloses. So is her signature body art. "My tattoos aren't just for looks," she emphasizes. "They show who I really am and what I truly have a heart for." With Halloween lurking, we ask if she has a heart for scary flicks. "I like Scream," Heather replies, "and older horror movies like The Brides of Dracula and The Curse of Frankenstein." As for sex, her message is short and sweet: "I'm bi, and anything goes." —Photos by Ron Neumann

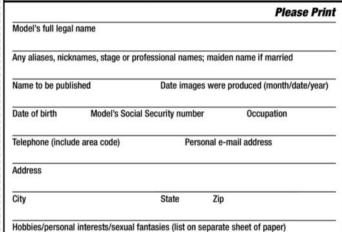




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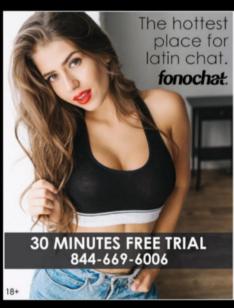






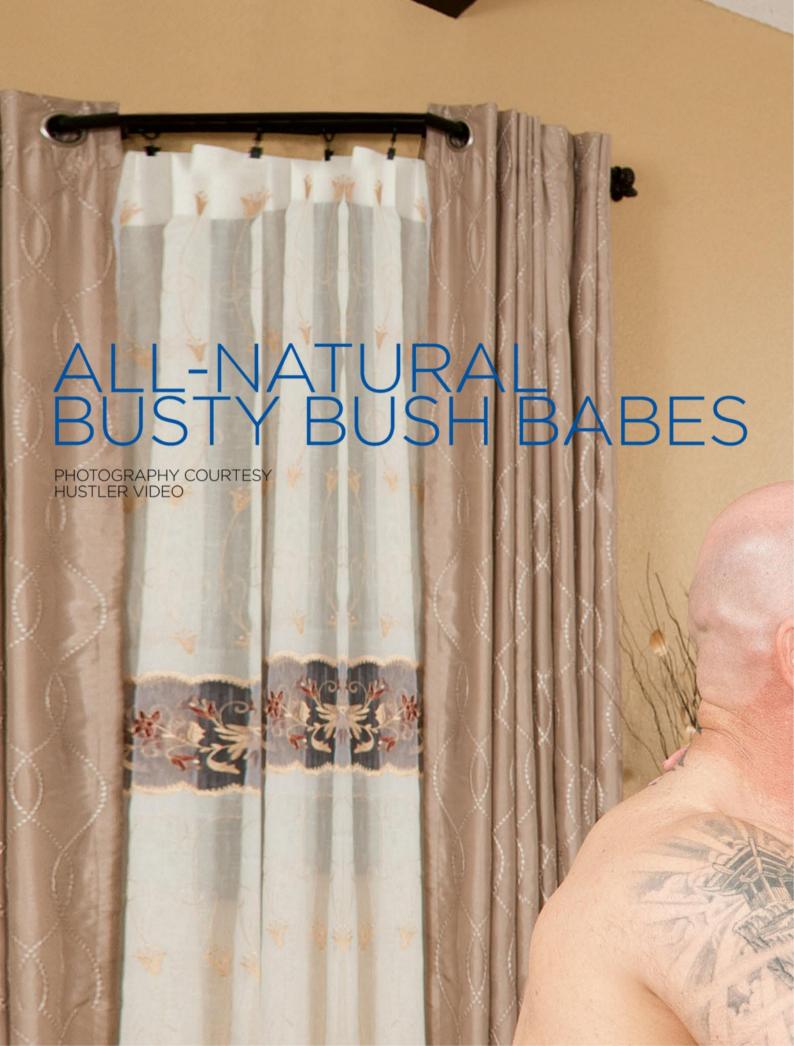






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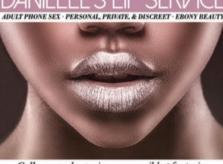
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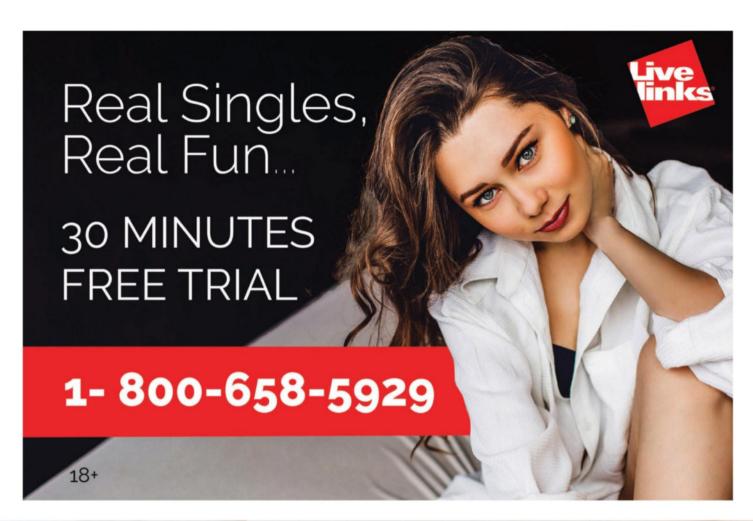


























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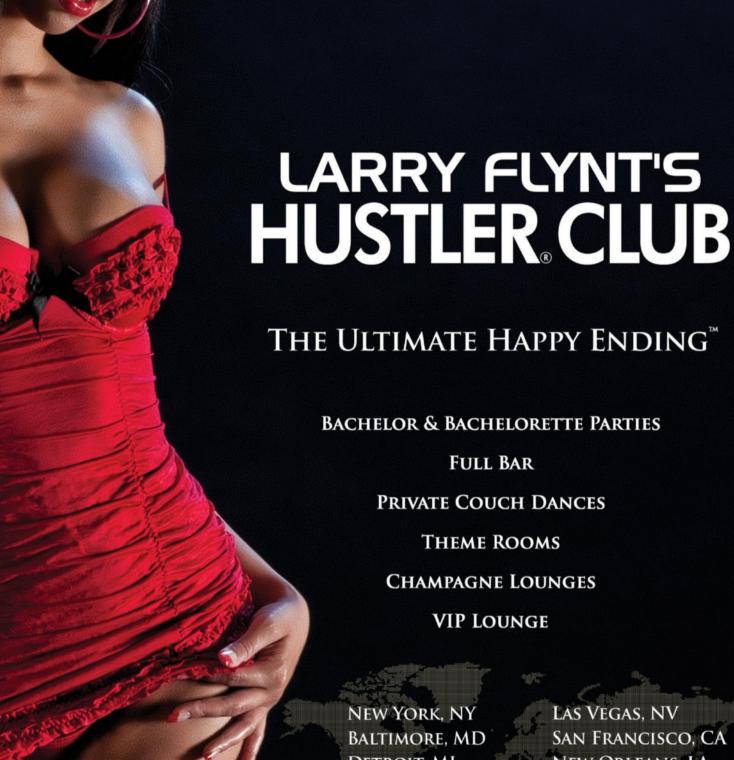
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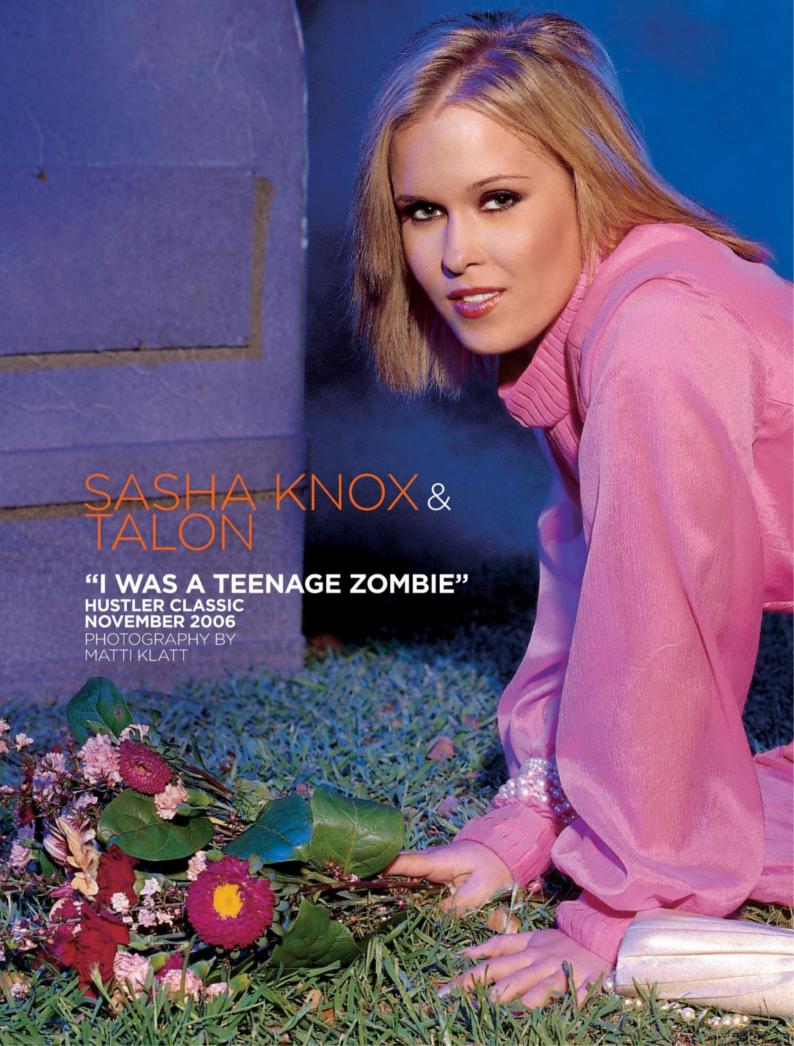
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Comedian, actor and troublemaker Buress sits down with HUSTLER over a Brooklyn breakfast to discuss his role in the blockbuster Tag, amateur porn and just how he differs from Kanye. Hear about his pranks on the red carpet, his Miami arrest and more! Photography by Marius Bugge.



Who really killed President John F. Kennedy? In April of this year the government released 19,045 previously classified files pertaining to his death. Investigative reporter Travis Kelly discusses their relevance and revisits the details of the assassination. destroying the "lone nut" Oswald theory in the process.





"I DID MY DAD'S BOSS"

What's the ultimate fuck-you to Daddy? Seducing his boss. Gia Paige, Molly Mae, Ashley Adams and Whitney Wright take you on a delightful interracial romp that's intensely NSFW. Think jizz facials and huge fucking cocks. Photography courtesy HUSTLER Video.





